

## The Evening World.

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## CONGRESS.

**E**FFICIENCY now climbs to an international plane and calls for a centralized purchasing power vested in one man, who, with the help of a commission and a corps of experts, shall spend some \$10,000,000,000 a year on the war needs of the Allies, including the United States.

What does Congress say to that?

Already so fearful of dictators and autocrats that it hesitates even to create authority strong enough to protect American consumers from food speculators and profiteers, would it ever consent to delegate these enormous powers to an inter-allied agent?

The struggle between an instinctively jealous Congress and the hasty and multiplying demands of efficiency for centralized, automatic handling of war problems has only just begun.

Its progress must be watched with patience and with confidence that this democratic nation can work out ways to carry on efficient warfare without Prussianizing itself or its departments.

Americans had much better make up their minds that though Congress is often an exasperating obstacle it can also, on occasions, be a useful check. Invariably jealous, it is sometimes rightfully jealous—in directions in which the Constitution plainly meant it to be jealous.

This is not saying for a moment that Congress does not invite a major part of the abuse it gets. In crises through which we have recently passed Congress at times has shown itself inexcusably slow, petty, pusillanimous, unfit to represent the nation when confronted by the insults and defiance of an enemy.

But reviling Congress will neither get rid of it nor radically change it. For better or worse, there it is, an integral, inseparable part of the National Government. It cannot be detached for greater freedom and convenience in making war.

Therefore Americans might as well fix their attention, so far as may be, on its usefulness—above all, on its value in holding them and their Government, even in war, to the broad principles of representative democracy in which, as a people, they have put their faith and for which they are in fact fighting.

Those principles demand that every dictator or special administrator created in this country for purposes of war shall derive his authority solely from the American people through their representatives. And that is what Congress is at this moment resolutely, though it may be clumsily and obstructively, maintaining.

If American democracy is to demonstrate that efficiency in war does not necessarily depend upon autocratic power, it can only be with the co-operation of Congress. That co-operation must to no small extent continue to consist in putting a needful check upon dictatorships.

Efficiency has the floor. But, though it may come hard, there is nothing to be lost and a good deal gained by trying to see just now a use for Congress.

## TO ENACT FOOD LAWS FOR NEW YORK.

**G**OV. WHITMAN will call an extra session of the Legislature this summer to give the State food laws and regulations aimed to meet the extraordinary needs of war.

Some comprehensive measure of the sort should have been passed before the close of the regular session. Nevertheless there may be an advantage in having the attention of the State's Legislators concentrated upon this highly important problem without the distraction and hurry due to a thousand and one lesser bills clamoring for notice.

The State of New York, with its 10,000,000 people, includes in its southern section the most densely populated area in the United States. Nowhere are questions of food production and distribution more complicated or more pressing. If any commonwealth in the country needs full and carefully considered legislation for food control in time of war it is the Empire State.

A two-cent transfer only means the gradual transfer of millions of dollars from pockets to pockets. The traction companies will explain.

## Letters From the People

Men With Dependents Not Wanted in First Draft.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Can they take a young farmer of 24 for the army who works his own small farm and has his aged mother to support?  
S. T.

No Papers Needed.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
I came to this country at the age of two years. I am 26 years old and have been voting these last few years. Would like to know if it is necessary for me to get citizen papers as I have been voting on my father's papers, who was a citizen for fifteen years.  
H. R.

All Men of Military Age Must Register.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
My second papers are not due until August of this year. Will I have to register on June 27?  
F. W. B.

Registration From 21 to 30, Both Inclusive.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
I was born on the 24th of December, 1896. Will I have to register?  
M. W.

You Are Subject to Draft.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Kindly let me know if I am liable to be called for service if I was born in the United States and my parents were not citizens. Am twenty-two years of age.  
READER.

Apply No. 160 Ninth Avenue.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
How can I get particulars about the Railroad Workers' Battalion being formed for service in France?  
H. P. R.

Congress on His Hands.

Lincoln's call for an extra session was issued on April 15, but the date for the assembling of the legislators was fixed for July 4, nearly three months later. This long interval reveals the singular lack of experience on the part of the President to have Congress on his hands.—The New Republic.

Historical note:  
But they say that of our land's  
Sons were not invited from Fate  
A lot of more depressing—right  
That Congress on their hands  
G. Cleveland as a drive along  
Upon the Car of State;  
He kept things moving right along  
And moved to more "in earnest";  
But back and forth over the demands  
He found in his bustling wash  
He had "old homes" in his path—  
That Congress on his hands.  
Some day when at that storied gate,  
Where great men pass from sleep,  
A chosen spirit shall reflect back  
His faithful soul to sleep;  
Where bearded Peter ever stands  
He is not a saint dimly depicted  
By a statue of a queen's head.  
With Congress on his hands.  
W. O. O.

## The Homecoming

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By J. H. Cassel



## The "Saintry Wife" Seeker

By Sophie Irene Loeb.

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SOME time ago I wrote an article, "Is the Modern Girl Minus Modesty?" in answer to a man who had signed "Southerner," stating that he had not found any modest girls in New York City; and now comes another letter from a man, signing "Northerner," saying:

"Twenty years ago I started life as a boatwain's boy and to-day I am a manager of a large social club here in New York."

"I am single, and as I swore I'd never marry any but a pure girl, to-day I remain single and believe everything written by Southerner."

"No gentleman cares to marry a girl or woman who appears in public as a painted stien, and I am sure that the modern girl is minus modesty, also virtuousness."

"I have courage and every day pray that I may find a good girl, but I doubt it, especially in New York City. I have approached many whom I would gladly have married but when I ask them to tell me of their past it does not meet with what I think a wife should be."

I sincerely hope this man goes on to the end of his life without love. He doesn't deserve it.

He is selfishness personified. He sets himself up as a judge of the purity of every girl he meets.

Just how far would he measure up if the girl were to judge him? How many questions could he answer as to his "purity" in traveling around the world?

How "virtuous" is he? How much temptation has he had to trust aside in his path, in comparison to the girls he scoffs about?

What sort of a saint is he that he may decide the sins of his mother's sex?

Instead of this man praying to God for a virtuous girl he should pray to God that he might be a little more human, a little more earthy, that he himself might actually merit a love that he does not now deserve.

It is a rare man, indeed, that can set himself up as a judge of even the very worst woman.

The trouble with most men like this is that they are looking for some one to have and to hold as a part of the household furniture. Such men are usually the jealous, narrow individuals who make the lives of women miserable, and wish they had never been born.

Such men expect that they are chief custodians of the soul and body of the woman they would call wife. They forget that the world has

moved on apace; that the spirit of democracy is alive in the hearthstone as well as in the public halls. Women are no longer owned. They are mated by ties of love as well as law. The divorce courts are most merciful institutions. The great thinkers have learned that what God hath joined together, no man can part; neither may any man decide what is "purity" for every woman.

The man who insists on knowing every little affair up to the time of his marriage to the woman of his choice only scores up needless sorrow and discontent.

Certainly each should tell the other the big things in their lives, if it is desirable; but the past should be forgotten if the future would hold happiness.

Leastwise, no man should hold up against a woman any offense forever and a day, if she has agreed to turn the leaf of life side by side with him. In the last analysis, he may well consider how he might like to be judged in her place.

No, Mr. Northerner, the world is not for you. Better build yourself a little cloister on a high hill. The modern girl doesn't want or need you; you are entirely too good for this earth. You set up such a standard that only saints in heaven will fill the bill. You'd better wait until you die. At least you will save some girl a sleep of sorrow.

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## Mermaids Really Lived, Scientists Believe

**T**HE skeleton of a creature half human and half fish, which scientists say is more than 4,000 years old, has been found on the coast of China. Its discovery, imbedded deep in a sandy shore, has revived the old question of whether mermaids ever existed. This skeleton is accepted in some quarters as conclusive proof that there were such creatures, long famed in the lore of many lands.

The strange relic which has come to light after centuries had a head, shoulders and arms like those of a human, with several fins. On the head and the upper portion of the body a shagreened skin was found, similar to that of an Egyptian mummy. If further proof were needed, it would seem to be supplied by the formation of half on the head. Dermatologists have decided that this was once human and grew abundantly.

Every story of a mermaid pictured a goddess-like creature sitting upon a rock in the sea, combing her hair. Almost every one of the ancient races left behind them accounts of the mermaid. These have been discredited for ages, being grouped with other myths such as the Greek's centaurs. The old serpent and dragon of such terrible aspect as described

by writers of old were ranked with the mermaid as a figment of imagination. But the discovery of this skeleton discredits all the theories of civilization and brings to the fore once more the question so often asked—were there really mermaids?

The name mermaid is of Teutonic origin, corresponding with triton and nereid as used in antiquity. The Chaldeans called this creature Gannes, the Chinese named her Wimpus, and even our own American Indians have a legend of the mermaid, in which they term her Ottawas.

It has been one of the unexplainable points of the mermaid legend that so many peoples in such distant parts of the globe believed in the reality of a creature half woman and half fish. It would be hard to imagine two races further apart than the Chaldeans and the Indians. But both knew of the mermaid.

The skeleton found in China is considerably smaller than the proper portions of a mermaid, according to popular conception, which invests her with a form much the same as that of a woman. It is pointed out, however, that this skeleton might have belonged to a dwarf of the species, or to a kind of fish which is said to have been common in Chinese waters about 4,000 B. C. And it is conceivable that the creature might have grown to larger size in a different clime. Whatever the truth, the finding of this skeleton opens anew one of the most fascinating chapters in the lore of mankind.

## The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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(The New York Evening World.)

**F**ROM the bath room came an angry yell. "Where's a towel? Gee, my eyes are full of soap and there isn't a towel!"

"Here's some clean towels, run with them to your father!" said Mrs. Jarr to the little girl.

Little Miss Jarr hastened with the towels but fell in the hallway and bumped her forehead.

"Now see what you have done!" cried Mrs. Jarr, as though speaking to both Mr. Jarr and the child.

"I done!" cried Mr. Jarr, coming from the hallway and wiping his smarting eyes with his knuckles. "here!"

"Yes, but you have the children so terrified with your outbursts of temper that they run when you speak and don't see where they are going."

said Mrs. Jarr. "Maybe the poor little dear's collar bone is broken, like Johnny Rangle's when he fell down the basement steps!"

"Oh, paw!" remarked Mr. Jarr, seeing the little girl had ceased crying. "Children are petted too much these days. A few falls won't hurt them. I always used to be falling when I was a kid and it didn't hurt me. Only made me tough."

"I'm glad to know what it was that made you tough," remarked Mr. Jarr, "but I do not care for my children to be tough."

And here she began petting the little girl again and telling her not to cry. Whereat the child, who had stopped crying, began to weep afresh.

"Why don't you put some witch hazel on the bruise?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Kissin' is all right for comfort, but witch hazel would help more."

"Why don't you hand me the witch hazel then?" asked Mrs. Jarr. "As for the comfort of kisses, the poor child would wait a long time for that sort of comfort from you!"

At this the child wailed louder than ever, but this may have not been from her realizing parental neglect on the father's side as much as noting that in his excitement Mr. Jarr had handed over the castor oil instead of the witch hazel bottle.

In her exasperation Mrs. Jarr applied the castor oil to the bruise, although the little girl struggled and screamed, being adverse to castor oil either externally or internally.

"There, see what you have done!" exclaimed Mrs. Jarr. "It might have been poison!"

"Why do you talk to me like that?" asked Mr. Jarr. "Castor oil is soothing and healing. I am with my eyes smarting and nobody cares."

"Put castor oil in them, if you think it is so soothing!" retorted Mrs. Jarr. "You get this house so upset that I am a nervous wreck!"

"Try the castor oil yourself then," advised Mr. Jarr, angrily, "it may be good for nervousness too!"

The little girl, seeing her hurts were being forgotten, began to scream again.

"Why don't you do something for the poor child?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Stop your crying!" cried Mrs. Jarr, giving the little girl a shake. "You are not hurt a bit. That bruise is from where you fell off the chair the other day. Now just for that I am going to give you a dose of castor oil!" And while the child kicked and struggled Mrs. Jarr administered the nauseous panacea.

Master Willie, who had been drawn upon the scene by the noise, laughed merrily at the sight, and, for punishment and health, Mrs. Jarr gave him a dose also, and also by force.

"Where's your father?" she asked when she had finished.

But Mr. Jarr had fled. Mrs. Jarr was putting the selective draft in operation in the matter of castor oil, and castor oil on the right, and for punishment and health, Mrs. Jarr gave him a dose also, and also by force.

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